



A Page of Comics,  
Sketches and Stories



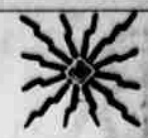
New York, Saturday,

January 31, 1914

# The Evening World.



Fun for the Home  
and the Ride Home



'S'MATTER, POP!'

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By C. M. Payne



AXEL'S HEAD WOULD MAKE ABOUT SEVEN BILLIARD BALLS

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By Vic



BOBBIE, HIS DOG AND THE DOGCATCHER

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By L. W. Ford



'MY WIFE'

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By Ma



## The Jarr Family

by  
Ray L. McDowell

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### East Malaria Will Stage a Fire Fight—If the Horses Arrive

It wasn't the trips we commissioners get to distant cities to buy things for city use, what would we get out of being commissioners?"

"The commissioners would get their commission rake off on the side—don't the salesmen split with the commissioners even when they come to a showdown?" Mr. Jarr inquired.

"Aren't commissioners so called because they get commissions?"

"Bosh!" cried Mr. Jenkins. "You talk like a local editor who isn't getting the city printing. We defy you to prove we split a commission, and even so—mustn't we go examine the plants that make the apparatus? Isn't it good economy for the city to pay the travelling expenses of its commissioners?"

Mr. Jarr didn't know. What he did know was that the fire alarm whistle that the fire department had just bought for city use, was making a most horrible and persistent series of screams—seven long screams and four short ones.

"The fire is somewhere back of the truck house," explained Mr. Jenkins, as the two stood by the front of the bowling alley waiting for the chief of the fire department to arrive with the key and somebody to arrive with a pair of horses to pull the new big aerial truck housed in the old bowling alley.

"We'd better break in the door!" cried one of the health or street commissioners—for commissioners were coming running. "Chief Ben Peters never gets to East Malaria until the 6:07 gets in from the city."

"That's against discipline," said Jenkins, who had pinned his gold fire commissioner's badge outside his coat, doubtless to frighten the flames, but, really, as Mr. Jarr afterward learned, as his credentials to ride the new fire truck, while the other sorts of East Malaria commissioners were made to get off.

"That's our new fire alarm system," Mr. Jenkins continued, as the soap factory whistle kept hooting raucously. "Before that we only used to have an old locomotive tire hanging in front of the Broadway Grand Hotel, but as Ben Billmeyer, the landlord, used it as a dinner gong, any fire at meal hours weren't considered alarms. Then, too, when his bar business was bad, Ben would ring a alarm, and when all the firemen would gather to find out where the fire was—if it was a nice night for a fire—Ben, who was a great joker, would say, 'In the stove!' And the boys would all laugh and set 'em up. But Ben's hotel caught on fire just at dinner time, and his place burned up before the boys could figure out whether it was an extra dinner call or if Ben wanted to give a fire drill for the benefit of a travelling stock company or some drummer he liked, for we realized it was ringing too long for a call to dinner. Ben wasn't insured, and he's now a street commissioner, waiting for something to turn up."

"Then we installed a modern fire alarm system. Divided the town into street corner number calls, and the folks nearest the fire telephone into the soap factory. It works fine except at night, when they can't wake up the watchman."

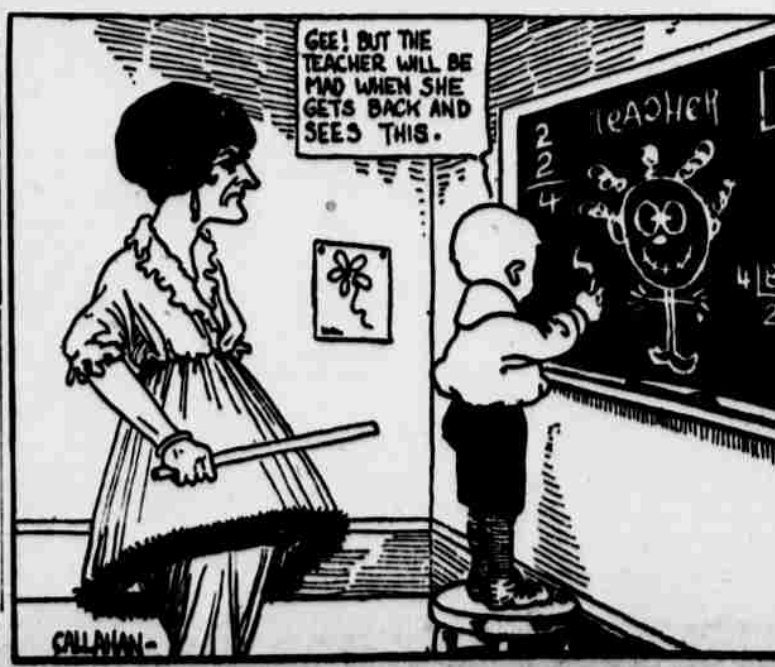
"But, Great Scott!" cried Mr. Jarr. "Where are the horses to take out the hook and ladder truck? And where are the firemen?"

"Oh, they've all gone up the street back of the bowling alley here to see the fire," explained Mr. Jenkins. "Listen to the auto! Many of our firemen have automobiles, and when they hear the alarm indicating the situation of the fire they ride right to the fire."

"But I see the chief's wife has sent her little girl with the truck house key."

### THEN—HE TURNED AROUND!

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### We All Are.

At the dental congress at Ash Park, Dr. J. F. Carmichael, Milwaukee, apropos of a philosophical point in dental legislation, said: "Well, let us not despair. Let us remember the old maid. An old maid, you know, wants a decline. "What's the matter with you?" doctor asked. "Oh, doctor," she sobbed, "I've been disappointed in love." "Naturally!" said the doctor. "Never does come up to expectations."—Washington Star.

### Constipation

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